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Hue and Cry

AFTER THE

EXAMINER.

Dr. S-----T.

OCCASION'D

By a true and exact Copy of Part of his own *Diary*, found in his Pocket-Book, wherein he has set down a faithful Account of himself, and all that happen'd to him for a Week of his Life.

To which is added

A Copy of Verses fasten'd to the Gate of St.
P-----'s C-----h D-----r, on the Day of
I-----t of a certain D-----n.

LONDON: Printed in the Year, 1727.

EXAMINER

DE 21 1777

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A N

HUE and CRY, &c.

T H U R S D A Y.

WAK'D with the Head-ach. Said no Prayers that Morning. Drest immediately. Look'd confounded *Rakish*. Repeated *Verses* whilst I was washing my Hands. Resolv'd (whilst I was putting on my Gowns) to ridicule the Orders of *Bishop*, *Priest* and *Deacon*. After Dinner at my Lord E—s. Went to drink *Tea* in *York Buildings*. The Earl look'd *queerly*. Left him in a *Huff*. Bid him send for me when he was *fit for Company*. Took Coach to Lord *Harry's*. The Viscount look'd *whimsically*. Left him. Promis'd to sup with him at the *Earl's*. Drove to the *Cocoa-Tree*. Sat till one, musing and thinking of nothing. Plagu'd for half an Hour with three impertinent *Puppies*, an *I—sk* Lord, an *English* Colonel, and a *Scots* Gamester. Retired to a private Corner where a Whim came into my Head, which I will shortly give the World an Account of. Went to dine at the *George*, with two *Papists*, three *Jacobites*, and a *Tory*. Damn'd the Cook, lik'd the Wine. No Wit. All

A 2

Politicks.

Politicks. Settled the Succession. Fix'd the Place and Time and Manner of his Landing. Went to my Lodgings at Five. Slept. Writ an *EXAMINER*. Supp'd at *York Buildings*. Earl and Lord *Harry* part in Dudgeon and Division. Displeas'd with all that happen'd go home pensive. Resolve upon some odd and new Schemes of Life. Spent ten Shillings. Take a Dram. Go to Bed.

F R I D A Y.

Resolve to Fast. Senda Note to Church, to pray for the Conversion of a great Sinner. Read the Bible. Find that no Man can serve *two* Masters; and that an House divided against it self cannot stand. Consider of these Words; *When ye hear of these things, flee into the Mountains*: Begin a Sermon upon this Text, *Be as wise as Serpents*. Throw it a-side, and read *T——d's Art of Restoring* and my own Meditation on a *Broomstick*. Received a silly Letter from *Ireland*. Walk in my Room for two Hours. Loll on my Couch for two Hours. Take a *Manual* for Devotion in my Hand, but say *extempore* Prayers. Mightily given to Ejaculations. Don't like the Lord's Prayer. Think often of *St——le*, and *T. W——n*. Eat at Six. Dress, loiter. Hum a Tune till eight. Give a Farthing to a poor Man. Pay my Barber. Put on a Pair of new Gloves. Go to *St. James's*. Don't like Things. Confirm'd concerning the Animosities

sities between the Earl and Lord *Harry*. In a Quandary. Go to the Club of *ugly Faces*. Some Wit. *Much Impiety*. Drink hard. Am treated. Expences one Shilling. *Mem.* This Day I had clean Sheets.

S A T U R D A Y.

Wake at eleven. Promis'd to receive a Gentleman at my Lodgings about my Lord's Business; but won't be at home all Day. Come to these several Resolutions; Resolv'd to write an Ode upon changing one's Mind, in imitation of *Horace's Jussum & tenacem*, &c. *Item*, An Apology for *Taking the Air*, and a Comment upon *Balzac's Cachet sa vie*. Resolved to Repent. To give an Historical Account of the following *English Proverbs*, viz. When *Knaves* quarrel, honest Men come by their own. Burn the House and run away by the Light of it. No longer Pipe, no longer Dance. Murder will out. And when the Steed's stol'n shut the Stable-Door. However half a Loaf is better than no Bread; and therefore a Man must make the best of a bad Market. Bid my Servant get all Things ready for a Journey to the Country, according to the following List: Mend my Breeches; hire a riding Coat; borrow Boots; sell my Coals and Candles; reckon with my Washer-woman; making her allow for old Shirts, Socks, Dabs and Markees, which she bought of me. *Mem.* I borrow'd five Guineas of my Book-feller,

feller, and paid my Landlady all to a Shilling. Resolv'd to carry no Books with me, but the History of the Civil Wars of *England*, into the Country. Din'd late with my Landlady. Merry with Mutton and Double Entendres. Retire. Consider the uncertain Nature of human Affairs. Write the following Letter to Mr. *Oldf—h*, one of the Authors of the *EXAMINER*.

S I R,

Designing soon for the Country, I desire that you will excuse me from supplying you with any more Papers under the Name of the EXAMINER. We have made the most of our Cause; and no mortal Affair has the Privilege of being perpetually the same. Remember Horace's Bene præparatum pectus. If we can contrive it so as to be rogu'd by both Sides, we shall do more Justice to each than either expected from us, and have this Pretence still left to the Title of honest Men. Give my Service to his Lordship: Tell him that no Man has Strength enough to be Proof against Conviction; that I am ready to meet him on't other Side the Water, and will still ply at the labouring Oar, to shew with how much Respect and Esteem I am his Lordships's, &c. 'Tis no Time to be incredulous. I depend upon your not being obstinate, and if you are silent for a While, you will convince me of your being that Man of great Sense and Observation which I always took you to be.

I am, S I R,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

J. S.

P. S. Re-

P. S. Remember, when an Army's routed, that some are kill'd, some wounded, some run away; but that Deserters are always well treated. Six Coaches of Quality, and nine Hacks, this Day call'd at my Lodgings.

Mem. To write a Paper when I am in the Country, to bring with me to Town, and to publish at my first Appearance, call'd, S——t's Reasons, viz. for Ingratitude, for Irreligion, for Turning, for Returning, and to serve any Turn, to be bound up with the Tale of a Tub; went Incog. at eight this Night to Child's, found the Clergy alarm'd at the Q——'s Thoughts of displacing the T——r. Supp'd with Mrs. O——, where we had no Politicks. Mem. I promis'd her a Copy of Verses upon a weak Woman. Pay my Way to my Landlady in a Bottle of Viana. smok'd a Pipe by my self. Concluded nothing certainly. Took a Dram. Repeated the Collect for the Third Sunday after Epiphany. Pick'd my Teeth. Wash'd my Face. Went to Bed. Expences five Shillings.

S U N D A Y.

Pack'd up some Tea, Paper, Pens, Ink, and Tobacco; and before Church was done sent a Note to give God Thanks for one who had escaped a very great Danger. Din'd and was sworn at High-gate. Travell'd twenty-five Miles this Day. Thought upon Nothing as often as I could

could upon the Road. Resolv'd to write the History of the Band-box Plot; and to give a true Account of the modern Word call'd BITE; having concluded my Journey to be a *Bite*, Lord *Harry* a *Bite*, the Earl a *Bite*, and that Prudence infallibly directed to fall in with them who would *bite* the *Biters*. Resolv'd to write new Explanatory Notes on the Conduct of the Allies. By ten I came to my Inn. Had quieted my Mind. Supp'd, smok'd, went to Bed. Expences ten Shillings.

M O N D A Y.

Slept well. Rose early. Had Pancakes for Break-fast. Sung. Repeated Verses. Laid Schemes. Commended myself. Rode hard till Noon. Alighted at a *Tory* Inn. Converted many Gentry and Clergy of that Principle at a publick Meeting there, by letting them into the Secret of my Flight, and some other Secrets which I knew. *Mem.* This Day the *W*—*gs* are indebted to me for a Promise of *Wh*—*sh* Members for this County and Town, at next Election. Came to my Country Lodgings at nine; after an easy indolent Afternoon's Journey. Pleas'd with the Privacy of the Place. *Mem.* I forgot to take leave of Lord *So*—*ers* and *Sun*—*d*. Resolv'd to write to Dr. *Sc*—*l*. Supp'd with my Landlord, Landlady, and their Daughter. Found sufficient Provisions of Wine, Brandy, Sugar, and

and Lemons. Hung-up my Cloths. Plac'd Pen, Ink, Paper, and History upon the Table. Smoak'd, fung, and went to Bed.

T U E S D A Y.

Dreamt of the *Devil* and St. *PATRICK* last Night. Said the Lord's Prayer. Sat down to consider of my Change of Life. *Tories*, Damn them; they wont be able to support me. *Whigs*, Damn them, they wont trust me. Drank Tea. Walk'd in the Garden. Return'd. Write a Satyr on the Lord T——r. Write another upon all the present Ministry. Receiv'd a Letter from *Lewis* the Bookseller in *Covent-Garden* of great Importance. By-G--d *Steele*, has got the better of me. No good News from *Ireland*. *Ad——n* says I am gone to hang my self. *Pope* says I am gone to *France*. *N——y R——t* says I am gone to my D——y; and most People will say I am gone to the D——l; and so I'll to Dinner, Mutton and Turnips. The Gods fled once into *Egypt*. I was very gay and diverting. Drank an hearty Glas. Retir'd. Fell in to this Soliloquy: The Reverend Dr. S——t, Student in two Universities; a Member of the *Church of England*; and a Christian too; left the College to turn Chaplain, Parson, Poet; having serv'd Ambassadors, Noblemen, Governors; having write for and against Religion; being Rector, Vicar, Dean, Author, Translator, Abridger,

B

and

and *Publisher* ; Droll, Jest and Scribler, and many other things ; *Quorum si nomine quæris* : Having serv'd and abus'd the late Ministry, and done all that Man could do for this ; after enriching Booksellers, and impoverishing my self ; am now transplanted, metamorphos'd into a Stock or a Tree, and either hurried away to some *Elysian* Grove ; or in short-down right mad. Here I fell a-sleep. Wak'd about six. Write to put my House in order in *Dublin*. Send my Man to *London* to know how Things go. Eat no Supper. Write a Whim to divert the Earl of C——d. Resolve to adjourn all further Considerations till to morrow. Smoak. Take a Dram. Go to Bed. Domestick Affairs not worth inserting,

W E D N E S D A Y.

Had a very bad Night last Night. Rise early. Repeat the Prayer for a Person troubled in Mind. Tumble over the History of the Civil Wars. Pop upon the Words *Obadiab* and *Titus*. Shut the Book. Take Pen in Hand : Write some Oddnesses ; lay it down again. Call for a Glass of Sack. Think of my Friends. Receive an Express that the Earl of O——d is displaced. And is B——k, said I, and all the rest, continued ? Can *Lucifer* fall without his Angels ? Write a Meditation on a *White Rod*. Grow faint. Smoak. Drink. Hang my self. Die.

The

The Meditations on a *White Rod*.Motto taken from the Doctor's *Miscellanies*.

*The Rod was honest English Wood,
That senseless in a Corner stood,
'Till Metamorphos'd by Bob's Grasp,
It grew an All-devouring Asp.*

This single Stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected Corner, I once saw in a flourishing State, at the Head of Noblemen and Peers; carried by the best Hand, directed by the best Head in the Realm, Beautiful for whitest Colour; admirable for Shape and Length; but now vain is the busy Art of Man, which made it so conspicuous and remarkable; 'tis broken, 'tis sullied, and either thrown out of Doors, or condemn'd to the last Use, of kindling a Fire.

When I beheld this I *sigh'd*, and said, within my self, surely mortal Man is a WHITE ROD, Nature sent him into the World *Innocent* and *Blanch*, *Straight* and *Upright*; but he is become *crook'd* and *dark*; and sometimes offensive, and sometimes *useless*; and after a *shining*, bustling *Figure*, is often *disgrac'd*, *shatter'd*; ruin'd in this *Life*, condemn'd to everlasting Fire in the next. How does *Man* (a tender *Twig*) grow *stubborn*, *incurvate*, *deform'd*, and *Worm-eaten*; how does Age

reduce him to *Infancy* again ; till from carrying a *Stick* in his own *Hand*, he is carry'd by other Mens *Hands*, and soon thrown away, and laid aside for ever. *Vain Man!* (said I, upon this Occasion) that often makest a *Rod* for they own B——, whereas too many others, alas ! are daily laying them in *Piss* for thee. Then pursuing the Subject, I expostulated thus with my self. What an *Emblem* is young *Master's White Stick*, when *Tinsell'd* at *May-Fair*, or adorn'd with *Mather's Gorgeous Top*, what an *Emblem* of him, who with a plain *Wand* only, *Bridles*, *Saddles*, *Rides*, *Spur-Galls*, and *Fades* a whole Kingdom ? O Enigmatical *Rod*, which like a the *Stick* of a *Lapland Charmer*, after an *hasty*, *dirty*, embarrass'd Journey, most ungraciously *Throws*, or destroys its *Rider*. Then taking the neglected *Piece of Wood* in my *Hand*, which gave Birth to these pious *Meditations*. Oh ! thou truly *Mosaical Rod*, cry'd I, that devourest all about thee ; inseparable from the *Contemplation* of thee, are the *Thoughts* of the *Plagues* of *Egypt*. O thou *Conjurers Wand*, that has raised that *Devil* thou canst never lay ; O thou *Geographical Radius*, that has truly divided the *Kingdoms* of the *Earth*. Did *Sid Hamed's* once discover *Golden Mines* ? Thou hast dissipated them, and bewitch'd us to go in search of them to another *World*, to distant, unknown *Southern Seas*. But *Ab ! Quisqus suos patimur manes*. Thou hast *Risen* to thy full *Growth* ; and thou art *Fallen* to thy latest *Decay* ; thou mortal *Slip* of
Timber,

Timber, thou art *wither'd*, shrunk, and become
 a Stranger to thy many former Virtues. For,
 how has thy *Mercurial* Energy and Power left
 thee, whereby, being thrice waisted o'er our
 happy Isles, thou closedst thy Eyes, and lulledst
 the Eye-lids of three powerful Nations *a-sleep*.
 Mighty was thy Force, O Rod, O whitest Rod,
 beyond the Power of *Magick Caduceus*; able to
 force human Bodies *Into*, and *Out* of local Place,
 which makes me end my *own imperfect Meditations*,
 in that excellent Description of *Sid Hamed's*, my
 worthy Friend.

This Rod was slender, white, and Tall,
Which oft he us'd to fish withal.
A Place was fasten'd to the Hook,
And many score of Gudgeon took;
Yet still so happy was his Fate,
He caught his Fish and sav'd his Bait.

And I cannot but add,
 Since Waters now are troubled grown,
 His Fishing-Rod he has laid down.

A Copy

A Copy of Verses fasten'd to the Gate of St.
 P——'s C——h D——r, on the Day of
 I——t of a certain D——n.

I.

TO Day this Temple gets a D——n
 Of Parts, and Fame uncommon;

*Us'd both to pray and to profane,
 To serve, or God, or Mammon.*

II.

*When W——n reign'd, a Whig he was,
 When Pem——e; that's dispute Sir :
 In Ox——'s Time, what O——d please,
 Non-con, or Jack, or Neuter.*

III.

*This Place he got by Wit and Rhime,
 And many Ways most odd ;
 And might a Bishop be in Time,
 Did he believe in G—.*

IV. For

IV.

*For high Church Men, and Policy,
He Swears he Prays, most hearty;
But wou'd pray back again, wou'd be
A D——n of any Party.*

V.

*Four Lessons, D——n, all in one Day,
Faith it is hard that's certain;
'Twere better here Nown Peter say,
God D——n thee Jack and Martin.*

VI.

*Look down St. Patrick, look we pray,
On thine own Church and Steeple;
Convert thy D——n on this great Day,
Or else God help the People.*

VII.

*And now, whene're his D—sh—p dies,
Upon his Stone be graven,
A Man of God here buried lies,
Who never thought of Heaven.*

F I N I S.

IV.

For high Church Men, and Tories,
 The Gravelly Fray, much learnt;
 But now's pray back again, would be
 A D—— of any Party.

V.

For I know, D——, all in one Day,
 Think it is hard that's certain;
 There better late than Peter's,
 God D—— in thee Jack and Martin.

VI.

Look down St. Patrick, and we pray,
 On this our Church and State;
 Convert thy D—— on this great Day,
 Or else God help the People.

VII.

And now, when's to his D—— I give
 Upon his Stone be given,
 A Man of God have buried here,
 Who never thought of Heaven.

F I N I S

